Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. O wofull time,
Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?
Mo. Accurst, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Paris. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

Fri. Peace ho for shame, co
In these confusions, heauen an
Had part in this faire maid, no
And all the better is it for the m
Your part in her, you could n
But heauen keepes his part in e
The most you sought was her
For twas your heauen she shou
And weepe ye now, seeing she
Aboue the Cloudes, as high a
O in this loue, you loue your c
That you run mad, seeing that
Shees not well married, that li
But shees best married, that di
Drie vp your teares, and stick
On this faire Coarse, and as th
And in her best array beare he
For though some nature bids
Yet Natures teares are Reason
Fa. All things that we ord
Turne from their office to bla
Our instruments to melancho
Our wedding cheare to a sad b
Our solemne hymnes to fuller
Our Bridall flowers serue for
And all things change them t
Fri. Sir go you in; and M
And go sir *Paris*, euery one p
To follow this faire Coarse vn
The heauens do lowre vpon
Moue them no more, by cros

Musi. Faith we may put vp
Nur. Honest goodfellowes
For well you know, this is a
Fid. I by my troath, the c

Exeunt omnes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3